

approaching the altar of God, with their countenances clad in the smiles of Sabbath peace. He will reflect on the sweet repose of that everlasting Sabbath when we shall rest from our labours in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Opposite the church, and in a sheltered corner, stands the vicarage house, such a one as Hooker would have loved; where he could eat his bread in peace and privacy. Who can read Goldsmith's beautiful lines on the village curate, and not admire the simplicity of truth, and the vivid character he draws? How different is his description of the priest from that in Pollok's Course of Time, where the author labors, toils, and pants, and leaves us in pain, not in peace. And such a pastor here resides, active as Gilpin, learned as Hooker, and poor in spirit as Herbert. He is not a dumb dog that does not bark. He is the physician of his flock, spiritual and bodily—a counsellor to the foolish—a reprover of the wicked—an encourager of the lowly and meek-hearted—a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow—the prop of the aged—and the guide of the young. He meddles but little in matters of state, but when he does he supports his king, and proves himself a zealous defender of the church. "Our minister likes sermons—he is even as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two, by his cheerful way of giving it. He loveth to live in a well repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully, and lying on his death bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and examples for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts." These are the words of the estimable Fuller, and in these has he written his own character. Many villages in England have such a pastor—would that every one had! Let a blind guide depart, and be succeeded by a faithful minister. The change will fully prove that the bulk of mankind is well inclined to follow righteousness when it is inculcated by one who practices what he preaches.

GERMAN WATCH SONGS.

The Minnesingers, or German Troubadours were fond of a species of ballad called "wächterlieder," or watchsongs, many of which possess great sprightliness and beauty of description. The watchsongs generally begin with a parley between the sentinel or watch of the castle, and the love-stricken knight who seeks a stolen interview with his lady. The parties linger in talking leave; the sentinel is commonly again introduced to warn them of the signs of approaching morn, and a tender parting ensues. Two specimens are subjoined, both of which are anonymous. The excellent translation of the second is, with two or three trifling alterations, borrowed from the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities;" it would be difficult for any one to execute a better.—There are pieces of a somewhat similar character among the Troubadours, and called by them albas or aubades.

The original of the following is given in the collection published by Gorres; but he has neither mentioned the author's name, nor the source whence he took it.

WATCHSONG.

The sun is gone down,
And the moon upwards springeth,
The night creepeth onward,
The nightingale singeth,
To himself said a watchman,
"Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady,
To give her his greeting?
Now then for their meeting."

His words heard a knight
In the garden while roaming,
"Ah! watchman," he said,

"Is the daylight fast coming,
And may I not see her,
And wilt thou not aid me?"
"Go wait in thy covert
Lest the cock crow reveillie,
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman
And call'd for the fair,
And gently he rous'd her—
"Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;
Come rouse thee up quickly,
Thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely
The moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely
That feign'd tale of love:
Far, far from my presence
My own knight is straying;
And sadly repining
I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me,
No falsehood is there."
Then up sprang that lady
And braided her hair,
And donn'd her white garment,
Her purest of white;
And, her heart with joy trembling,
She rush'd to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.

The following is another, and the best specimen perhaps that is known of watch songs; the original has been printed in "Wunderhorn," an interesting, but very inaccurate collection of ancient German popular poetry.

I heard before the dawn of day
The watchman loud proclaim:—
"If any knightly lover stay
In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
Fly ere the the daylight dawn.

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and begone!
Take leave before the night is done,
And jealous eyes appear."

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banish'd my delight:
"Alas, the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright."
On me she look'd with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
"We tarry here too long."

Straight to the wicket did she speed;
"Good watchman spare the joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke;
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
In love and converse sweet."